

**RIP
OFF
PRESS
INC.
ADULTS
ONLY**

\$2

WIDIER



SO WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE AN ENEMY OUT TO DEMORALIZE AMERICA! YOU'D FLOOD THE COUNTRY WITH DRUGS, RIGHT?

YOU MEAN YOU'RE CONVINCED THE COMMIES ARE BRINGING THE STUFF IN FROM THE ORIENT?

Viper

GREETINGS FRIENDS,

We all know who the **Enemy** is, don't we? And with a fortitude akin to that of T-man (see preceding dialogue) we have to stand up and stigmatize those whom the Enemy has corrupted. Over the years his guises have become subtler and even more tempting. So plunging the Pen of Rightful **Indignation** into the Ink of Divine **Wrath**, the contributors to this pamphlet want to warn the people of the world of the ever-present Enemy.

In the following pages, you will learn about his trail of **Pestilence** and **Destruction**. Tracking him and obliterating him from the face of the earth is our goal. It should be yours too . . . Thank you for your attention.

LEROY B. HALIFAX

Society for Creative Paranoia



Thank you Leroy and as the Man said, "Be alert, this country needs lerts . . ." **Mr. Cleavo** here to give you the answers to our Game #1 and therefore introduce our guests for this show.



From **Paris, France**, **Pierre Ouin**, **Max** and **Benito** started a 'zine called *Krappo baveux* before collaborating on the French *Viper* and then became respected artists in the pages of *Metal Hurlant*. **Imagex**, **Gerbaud**, and **Roulibre** got their first exposure in the French *Viper* too. **Moebius** has been considered a god of comic art by European and American cartoonists for a number of years. The story reprinted here was published in *Hara-Kiri* in the early 60's.

From **Manchester, England**: **Mike Matthews** has been seen in *Cocaine Comix*, *Dr. Wirtham's* and *Knockabout*. His "**Horrific Romances**" were one of the most satisfying publications of 1984. **EC** lives in England too.

From **New York**: **Leslie Sternbergh** has drawn for *Wimmen's Comix*, *Weird Smut* and *Screw*. She has been called the Debbie Harry of the underground and is working hard at it.

From **Los Angeles**: **Carol Lay** has been everywhere, from *Captain Carrot* to *The Stark Fist* of Removal and from *Cocaine* to *Weirdo*. Her talent has mesmerized Cleavo Productions where, since she painted the cover, she'll always have a bowl of soup and a place to live (under the staircase).

From **San Francisco**: **Paul Mavrides** and **Hal Robins** have exposed their art in the pages of *Rip Off Comix*, *Weirdo* and *The Book of the Subgenius*. Robins also lettered the English translations for the foreign

art. Individually or jointly they have furthered the tradition of Dada in the comic book medium. **Dori Seda**, who from *Weirdo* and *Wimmen's* has graduated to her solo comic *Lonely Nights* (available Summer 1986), is one of the most talented female cartoonists to appear on the scene in the past five years. What else is there to say?

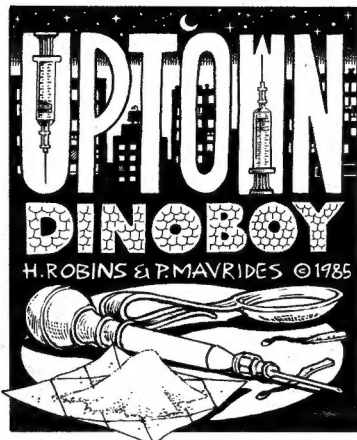
Krystine Kryttre used to be the Art Department of *Brave Ear* magazine. 1985 is the year of her first appearances in comic books, in *Viper* and *Wimmen's*.

David Cherry comes from the hard core skateboard underground. He has been published in *Twisted Image*. This is his first publication in a comic book.

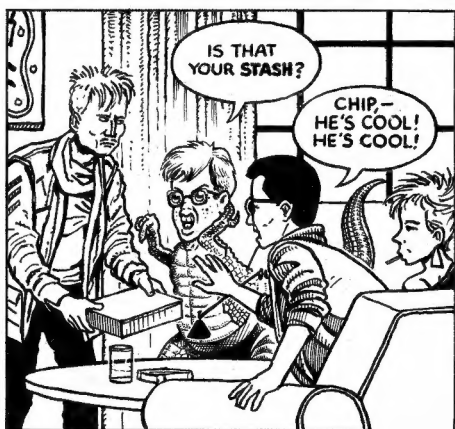
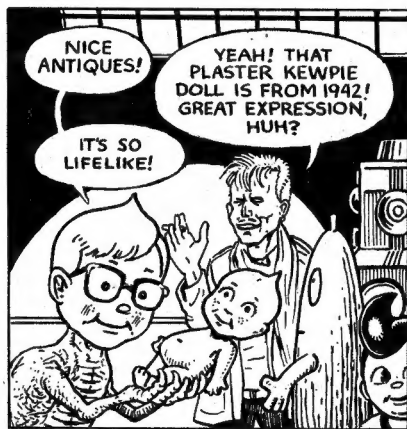
Crabman is not really from San Francisco but from **Grass Valley**, a small city near Sacramento. Creator of Junior Jackalope, he has become one of the leading experts on jackalopes. He has also published *Rockers*, a humorous look at the birth of a rock 'n' roll band.

. . . And here they all are under the benevolent guidance of editor **Erick Gilbert**, co-creator of the French *Viper*, who brought his trade to San Francisco to put together this international *Viper*.

Cleavo will be watching you . . .



CHIP, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET DINOBOY!



KEITH, MAN! YOU BRING SOME WEIRD PEOPLE OVER, BUT HEY—I TRUST YOU, I TRUST YOU EVEN THOUGH YOU BRING PEOPLE LIKE THAT OVER HERE!

NO—REALLY! DINOBOY'S COOL! ...HE'S O.K.!



YOU'LL LIKE IT, DINO!

I AM EXCITED! MY—I FEEL JUST LIKE WILLIAM BURROUGHS!



THIS STUFF IS 50000 SMOOTH! PERFECT LIKE PERSIAN! PURE SYNTHETIC, TOO! I KNOW THE GUY THAT MADE IT! AND, HEY—I'M SORRY ABOUT LAST TIME!



UM,—CHIP, I WONDER IF YOU COULD FIX DINO? HE'S NOT VERY GOOD AT IT!



LEMME SEE YOUR ARM. HMMMM?

CAN'T YOU FIND MY VEIN?

I CAN'T EVEN FIND YOUR GODDAMN ELBOW!



HOLD STILL, YOU MORON! YOU JUST BROKE MY BEST NEEDLE! I SPENT ALL DAY CLEANING IT OUT!!

RELAX, DINO.

THAT DIDN'T EVEN HURT! AM I HIGH YET?



AH! NOW I'VE GOT IT!

HEY. DO IT.

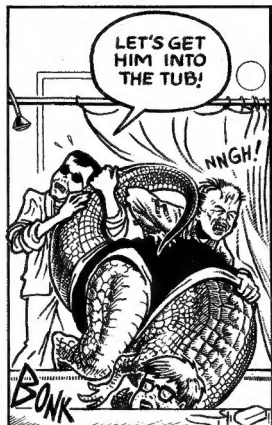
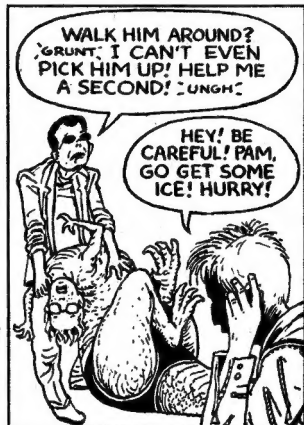
SQUEEP!



IT'S—IT'S—UH, NOT VERY UNK!



WHAT THE HELL? DINO? DINO!



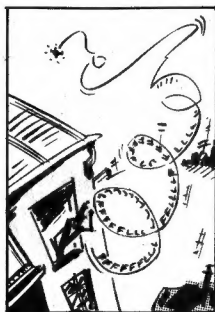
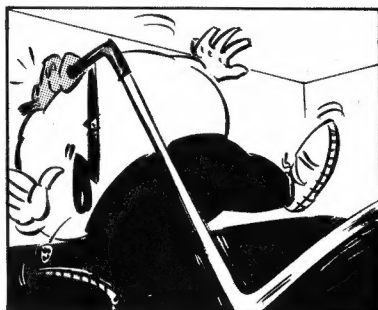
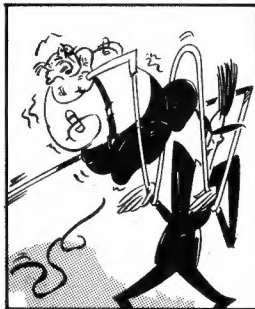


NEXT: A DINOBOY ON TRIAL!

THE OFFICE OF

PROF. YOYO

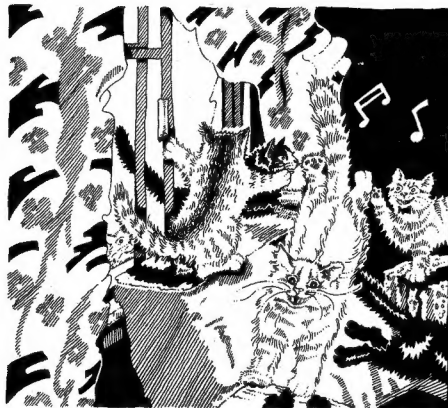




Yuckaroonies

©1984 DORI SEDA







A MAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE

SCRIPT AND WORDS : GILLES / ART : MAY.

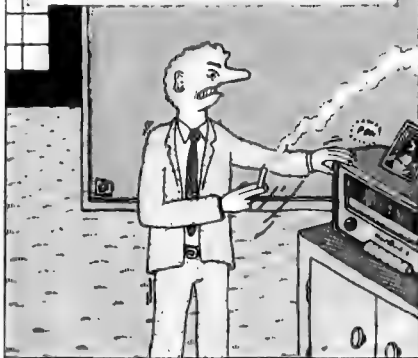
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1981 - 11:30 A.M.
- HARD TO WAKE UP - MURDEROUS MOOD.



BOILED COFFEE. NO MORE BUTTER.
CORNFLAKES = PIGEON FOOD. I'M UNDER
STRAIN - IT'S MY LAST FIX.

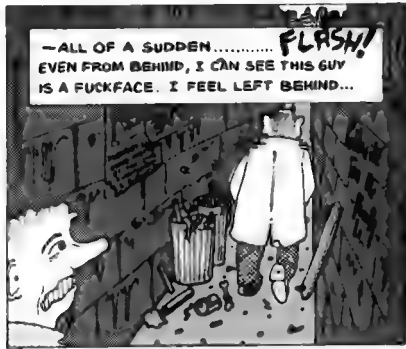


HEAVY FIST ON THE RADIO, STILL NO NEW
WAVE ROCK! SPEED IS COMING ON...



THE STREET NEVER QUIETED ANYONE. BUT
I GO OUT ANYWAY.





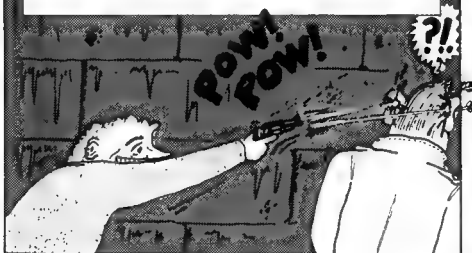
IT'S FINALLY TOO MUCH. RAW ANGER
SAVAGELY CLIMBS UP MY NOSE !!!



I CAN'T LET MYSELF BE PUT DOWN YET
ANOTHER TIME WITHOUT IMPOSING MY VENGEANCE!



...WITH A NERVOUS GRIN, I SHOOT.
HE NOW HAS A RED HOLE THROUGH EACH EAR!



I JUMP ON THE GUY, AND ATTACH A
BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF RINGS TO HIM ...



...AS I DRAG HIM FOR A FEW FEET, A TRULY
DIABOLICAL IDEA IS BORN !!.....



I HAD MARKED THAT HOOK
BEFORE, TO USE IN CARRYING OUT
MY FUTURE VENGEANCE !!.....



I TAKE TWO CHAINS, AND A BRAND
NEW LOCK FROM MY LEFT POCKET.



AND I SAY TO HIM, IN
EXCELLENT FRENCH

SOON YOU WILL REALIZE THAT
YOU CAN BE STRUNG UP BY THE EARS!



I HOIST HIM UP THE POLE,
AND



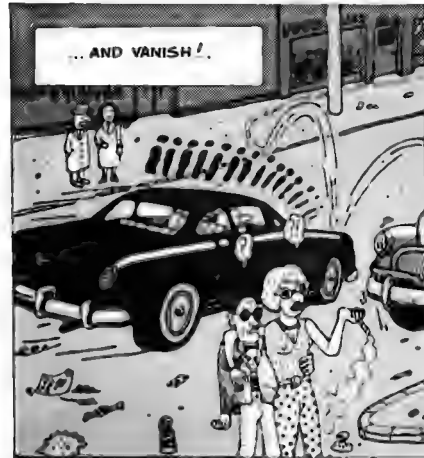
THE KEY TURNS IN THE WELL-OILED
LOCK !!



DURING THE ENSUING RITUAL DANCE, I THROW THE
KEY INTO THE SECRET DEPTHS OF A SEWER...

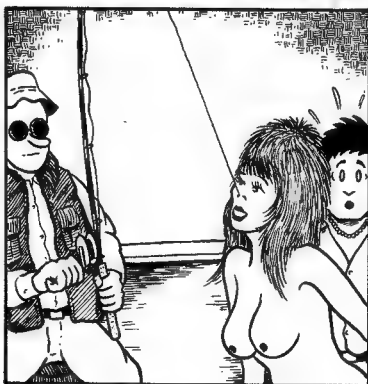
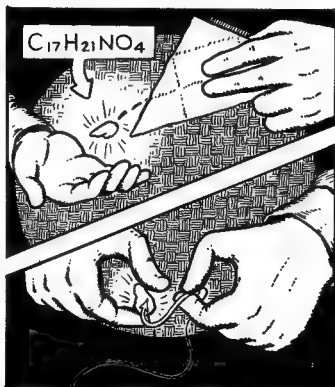


... AND VANISH !



THE
END

Fishing Tips



THE BIKE

DON'T DO IT, JEAN-LUC,
DON'T LET THEM !!!

That son of yours...
what a little asshole!
He let them take a
bike worth \$200!!

Shit!

HEY, GUYS !!
That bike
ain't yours...!

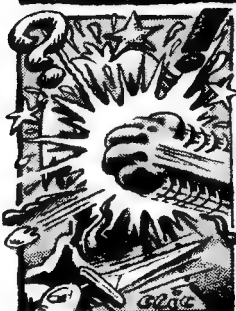
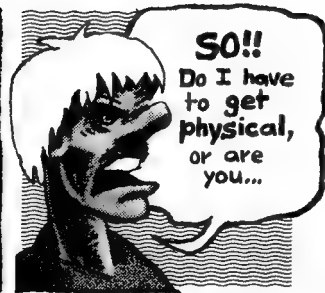
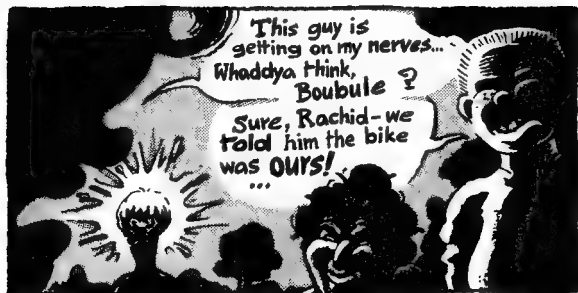
YEAH?

So whose is it,
then,
Shithead?...

All right! That's enough!
Just what do you...

TUT-TUT
We traded for it !

Sure! For 2 pieces
of gum--! OK, you guys,
I've said enough--
I'm not
laugh...



...it comes as no surprise that drug of the 1980's is just what's needed to counteract the cruel, subway vigilante mentality of the Reagan Era - Dr. Timothy Leary

'ECSTASY'

by Leslie
"THAT'S UPPIE'S PRIMATE STERNBERG"
© 1985
THE STORY BEGINS
IN THE HEART OF THE CITY

THE BOHEMIANS' Rhapsody

"WAITING FOR DELIGHT TO CHANGE"

this is too important a breakthrough to be cavalier about

20
ECSTASY
I brain damage fear it cause don
JULY 1985
HOT SHEET

IT'S A SHAME
THAT OUR
ARE WASTED
ON THE WASTED!

I REVELED
IN DOING MY
ARTWORK...

LOOK, MA,
NO KARMA!

THASS
NICE!

XTC CREW
RULES!!

WE'RE HERE!
IN LOVE!
-MMMM!!!

WE DO IT
NAKED!

MAJEAH

MAN, I WAS
SO RELAXED!

GET IN THE
TUB WITH SOMEONE
YOU LOVE!

WE HAD FIRST
LIVE EXPERIENCES!

I THOUGHT
IT WAS A
GOVERNMENT
LOT 'TIL
THEY MADE IT
ILLEGAL!

FEELS
LIKE TEDDIE'S
NEW YORK!!

hallucinogenic members of the family

IT'S BEING MADE CLAUPESTINELY, LBY CRIMINALS!!

MAIN FROM FRONTLINE

WOWA, HOLD ON-- IT'S NOT EVEN ILLEGAL YET!

HUEY LEWIS

I NEED A NEW DRUG... I LIVE AT NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY-FIVE EKKSTASY DRIVE, (LINDA) WILHE

WE TRIED TO BE VERY SUBTLY "FLA-ON" ANOTHER WORLD"-LIKE TWO DAYS LATER MY CHARACTER FEELS JUST AWELL!!

THAT NEW DRUG CRAZE FESTAS

THIS IS A NATIONAL THREAT!!

COMME WIMPO THRILLSEKERS!

I THINK IT MYSELF

DO AT CON... EMPTY I HVE BE... COFFEE... ALCOHOL

I MUST DO WHAT I WANT THIS IS WHY DO THE WORK I DO

July 1

FEDERAL DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENTS MADE THE FIRST ETC-RELATED ARREST IN A DALLAS SHOPPING MALL TODAY

THAT THAT'S NOT ALL, FOLKS!

It's also something new on college campuses... I've used it myself... I feel and certainly feel good--but not particularly high... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

one other... used was one of... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

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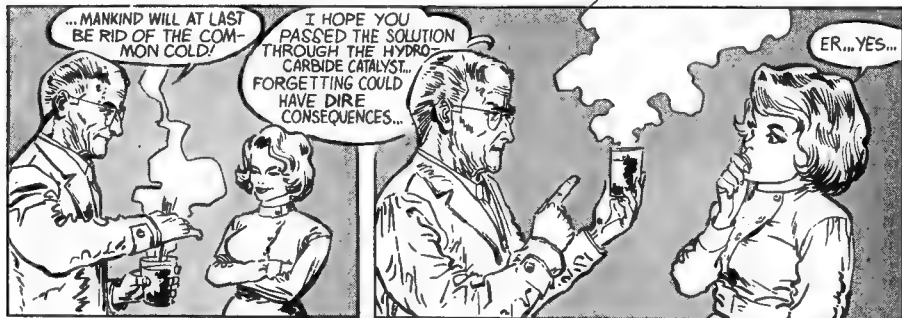
... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.

... I'm not sure I'm a drug addict.







MOEBIUS



JIM!
HELP!!

WHERE AM I?

... BUT...
I'M HERE!
HEAVENS!!
HE'S TAKEN
HER INTO
THE LAB!!



LAB

HOLD ON,
JANE!!
I'M COMING!!!



H-HOLD... ON...

AT
LAST!!

AN HOUR LATER...



© Giraud

THE END!

DAN MANIAC MEETS ÜBERSCHMISS!

DUSTY YEVSKI Philosophically muses on the many and varied *Strange Mysteries of Life...* As ever in a state of permanent Danger Level Overload... Announcing to those who never listen his Personal Viewpoint on *Existence...*

A SPELL IN DA ARMY'D DO YOU
GOOD YA JUNKIE COMMIE FREAK!

Quite **FRANKLY**, my
dear chap... my aesthetics
march to the pounding beat
of the proverbial different
fucking drummer!

MOM! LOOK!
IT'S FRANKENSTEIN!

HUSH! DON'T
ATTRACT ITS
ATTENTION!

GIVE ME
Liberty
OR GIVE ME
DRUGS!

SNIFF!
You don't have
to be wired
to be weird...
but it HELPS...

HEY, VINCENT! THAT GEEK'S SHINGIZ
MUST BE LEACHIN' A RIVER OF COKE-LICKED
SPOTS! WANT BRYE GO SUCK IT UP WHEN
HE GOES ON THE NOD?!

SURE
THING,
ELMO!

BZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZ

"SIGH... I've tried EVERYTHING... I must be a regular walking drug-cocktail-cabinet. And I must admit I'm disappointed with the end result. I expected the answers to eternal cosmic questions: "What is Life?" "Is there a GOD?" "WHY are we HERE?" "WHY are all my friends DEAD or in PRISON?" "WHY DO I KEEP THROWIN' UP?"

Now I figure my bowels aint stirred in about
3 MONTHS now; **SO... DRASTIC MEASURES**
were called for!

IF THAT TURD
AIN'T COMIN' OUT
VOLUNTARILY...

I'M JUST
GONNA HAVE
TO GO IN AN
GIT 'IM!

What I got was **ETERNAL CONSTIPATION** up my ASS!
The price you pay for being blissfully blanked
out is being bunged up to buggery...!
Hardly something to boast about...!

And this is how my **SAD TALE** begins...

How was I to know that at that **PRECISE MOMENT** somewhere in the bowels of my bowels, a horrible drama was being played out? It began with my resident Dung-Beetles desperately searching for treasure...



Then the **TERRIBLE THING** HAPPENED: who knows what effect the incessant seepage of all the Mexicans' pit-partaken of, coupled with the retreat of my atrophied sex-drive into itself HAD on that poor innocent LUMP OF SHIT?

All I know for sure is what happened **NEXT**...



YES! THE DOLLOP OF DUNG SPROUTED LIMBS AND A SCREAMING HEAD! A HORROR BEYOND COMPREHENSION HAD GRASPED ITS CLAMMY CLAWS ON LIFE!!!



I was just about to plunge my 'harpoon' in to spear 'Moby Dung' when I began to shake uncontrollably; perhaps it could sense my Anal Abortion attempt?

I'll never know...

And SO it came to pass that I unwittingly 'BIRTHED' a MONSTER! It made a spectacular entrance into a New World, flying like a Rocket into the Wild Blue Yonder...



I watched it's progress with, I admit, some confusion.



I can only guess at the sequence of events as they next developed. My 'offspring' must have felt the natural pangs of infant hunger and it was obvious to him to search out a similar 'food' upon which he had been intestinally nurtured...

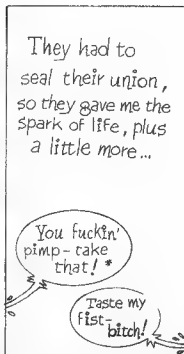








Exclusively for VIBER: A comic strip by there cain't it!



Mom and Dad met one December night near Barbès... it was love at first sight...

WHITE BLIND!

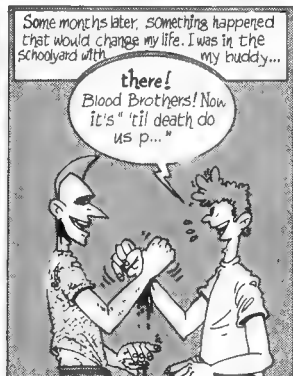


Some months later (about nine), I emerged from my doped cocoon...

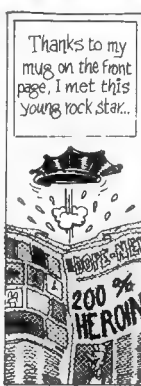


Alas, Mommy soon abandoned me for a young intern, who could fill her little needs better than Dad...





The medics had a hard time saving him. When they analysed his blood, they found it a strong mix...



For a few months, I didn't worry about my future. That little asshole gave me his smack, and I gave him my blood. A story of true love, man !!!



But that retard had to blab to his producer, another vein-popper...

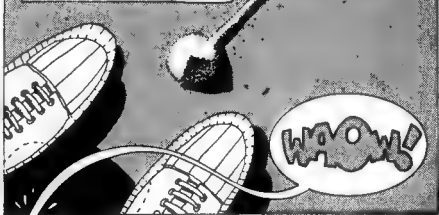


I want him...

Uncanny, Integral, absolute dope!! Unbelievable!



And one morning, on the curb



95% pure Tha! How could I suspect a trap? I ran with my nose to the ground!

Here, chick-chick!



OK, drive! The bird is caged; the boss'll be glad!

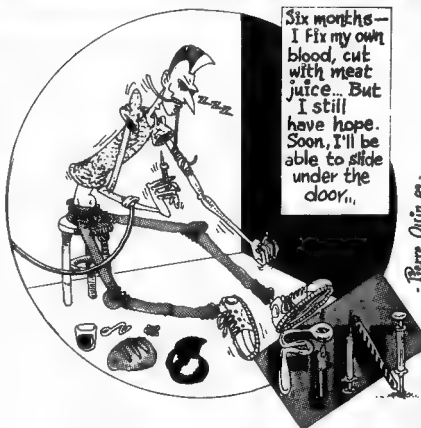
but...

Yeah, the boss was glad. And he's been glad for six months-- well, smashed anyway...

For six months he's gobbled a pint a day, the carrion!!

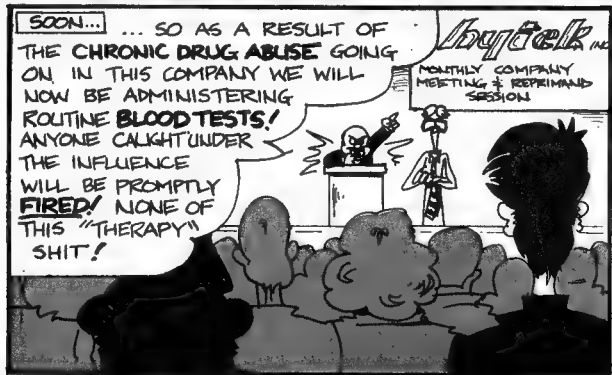
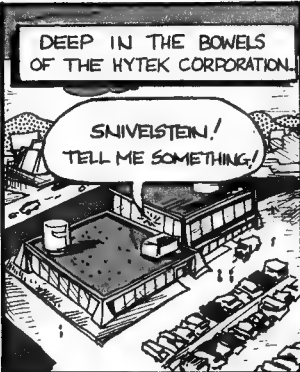


Six months-- I fix my own blood, cut with meat juice. But I still have hope. Soon, I'll be able to slide under the door...



SILICON VALLEY TALES

DAVE CHERNEY
©1987 Marvel Inc.



BUT WHERE THERE'S A WILL
THERE'S A WAY...

GOT ANY MORE
OF THAT WHITEOUT
LEFT?

GO EASY!
WE'RE DOWN
TO OUR LAST
BOTTLE, BUT I HEAR
THE ART DEPT. HAS SOME
RUBBER CEMENT THINNER
THAT'LL KNOCK YOUR SOCKS OFF!

AND SOON...

SNIVELSTEIN! HOW LONG HAS IT
BEEN SINCE WE'VE BEEN RUNNING
THOSE DRUG TESTS?

SIX MONTHS,
SIR!

...AND JUST LOOK AT THESE
CHARTS! ALL WORSE THAN
BEFORE! WHAT THE FUCK?

AND HOW ABOUT THESE FIGURES
FROM ACCOUNTS PAYABLE? A
BILL FOR \$69,000 FOR WHITEOUT!
\$76,359 FOR COPYING FLUID AND
RUBBER CEMENT! WHAT THE
HELL ARE WE, THE NAVY?

TIME FOR ANOTHER TOUR
OF THE OFFICES!

BUSTED
AGAIN!

AHA!

SO
WHAT?

WE ARE DISCONTINUING THE
BLOOD TESTS! GO BACK TO
YOUR COCAINE! \$69,000
IN WHITE-OUT WE CAN'T AFFORD!

THE BOSS ISN'T SUCH A BAD
GUY AFTER ALL! MAYBE I'LL
VOTE REPUBLICAN IN '88 (SNORT)!

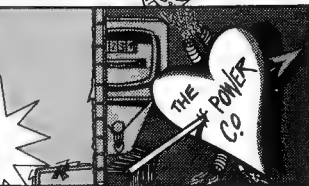
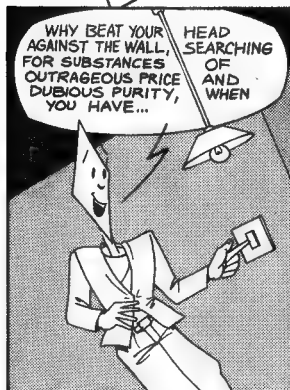
THE OLD GOAT'S
BECOME USER-FRIENDLY!

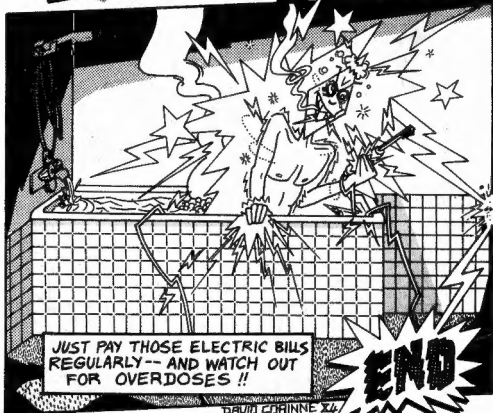
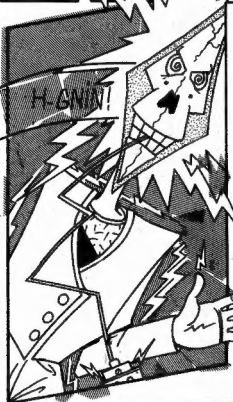
WELL, SIR, OUR CHARTS ARE
BACK UP TO THEIR NORMAL
LOW LEVEL AGAIN! HOW
ABOUT THAT!

SHADDAP AN'
PASS THE STRAW!

ATOMIQUE
IN:

it's
all
VERY
SIMPLE





DUST TO DUST

© 1985 KRISTINE KRYTTRE





JOIN THE VIPER ARMY

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I
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